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**A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.**—The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the law of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another, the character of a man as the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his forefathers.

They have gone to their last home! but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure.—The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from the window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his father to the house of God: and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart, they are the life-spring of a fresh, healthy and generous national character.—[Edward Everett.]

One of the city papers gives the following condensed description of a fashionable New York party:

Soirees have their established "programme," and all our readers will recognize it instantly. Printed cards, two weeks in advance, for large parties, written notes for medium, and verbal invites for small, at intervals of from one to five days' notice; carriage at eight o'clock; front room, second story for gentlemen—back room for ladies (that the latter have not to pass the former, which will be kept open, and will smell of brandy and cigars); ladies fanning over pin cushions and tight slippers—gentlemen agonizing with a stiff hair brush and intractable gloves, meetings at head of stairs, and entering room together; no bowing to most intimate friends until hostess is approached and devotion paid; chairs and comfort for wall-flowers; dancing and small talk for light heels; old tops in the basement, at cards; matrons under the windows, comparing daughters; gabble, gabble, hop, hop, music and lemonade, for three hours; slight odor of fried oysters, and tuning for promenade; grand march of victims in party colored costumes, like the actors in a Spanish *auto-da-fe*; rush of gentlemen for plates and forks; screams of ladies about dresses; oysters, salad and sandwiches, followed by champagne, ice-cream and jelly; smashing of plates and subdued swearing of waiters; destruction of white kids; alarming volley of small-talk; incipient dyspepsia, relieved by adjournment to dancing rooms for exercise; confusion *a la champagne*; old tops high; matrons low with fright; belles and beaux getting on famously; host yawns; carriages driving up; shawls and overshoes; empty rooms; smell of stale food; two hundred nodding night caps. *Finis.*

**A GOOD JOKE.**—The city authorities of Marysville, California, recently passed an ordinance for the removal of outside stairs in that city. While the council was in session a few days subsequently, the stairs leading to the council chamber were removed, and the dignified members of that body, accord-

ing to the Herald, were compelled to "shin" down the posts of the building.

**THE WORLD HATES PÆTENCE, NOT PIETY.**—It is not true, as this bad writer [Dr. Styles] is perpetually saying, that the world hates piety. The modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with all human charities, and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power, when it is veiled under the garb of piety; they hate canting and hypocrisy; they hate advertisers and quacks in piety; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and impudence from the altar, which should only be a sanctuary for the wretched and the good.—[Sydney Smith.]

Murray's "Handbook for South Italy" is just published, and contains some curious stories respecting Fra Rocco, the celebrated Dominican preacher and the spiritual Joe Miller of Naples. On one occasion, it is related, he preached on the mole a penitential sermon, and introduced so many illustrations of terror that he soon brought his hearers to their knees. While they were thus showing every sign of contrition, he cried out, "Now all of you who sincerely repent of your sins hold up your hands." Every man in the vast multitude immediately stretched out both his hands. "Holy Archangel Michael," exclaimed Rocco, "thou who with thine adamant sword standest at the right of the judgment seat of God, hew me off every hand which has been raised hypocritically." In an instant every hand dropped, and Rocco, of course, poured forth a fresh torrent of eloquent invective against their sins and their deceit. He had a great dislike to tobacco, and when once preaching to a crowd of Spanish sailors, he astounded them by telling them that there were no Spanish saints in heaven. A few, he said, had been admitted, but they smoked so many cigars that they made the holy Virgin sick, and St. Peter set his wits to work to get them out. At length he proclaimed that a bull-fight was to be held outside the gate of paradise. Thereupon every Spanish saint, without exception, ran off to see the fight, and St. Peter immediately closed the gate, and took care never to admit another Spaniard.

Connecticut now has 669 miles of completed Railroad, costing in the aggregate more than \$24,000,000, upon which cost the whole annual profit does not exceed three per cent. There is more railroad to the square mile in this State than in any other, the average being a mile of railroads for each six square miles of its area, which if the railroads were all separated by equal distances, would make parallel lines only six miles apart through the State. Massachusetts ranks next in the proportionate length of her railroads, having about one mile of railroad to every seven square miles of surface. There is twice as much railroad to the square mile in Connecticut as in England. The whole length of finished railroad in the United States is now greater than that of all other countries together.—[New London (Ct.) Star.]

**COMPENSATION FOR AN AMPUTATED LEG.**—Mr. John Marvin who was so dreadfully injured by the collision on the O. P. railroad, near Alliance, last fall, has compromised his damages with the company. They paid his doctor and nurse bill during his sickness at Alliance, gave his friends free passes to visit him, and paid him \$4,500 in cash, besides purchasing a cork leg to replace the one amputated. He was about 40 years of age, a blacksmith by trade and in indigent circumstances. He had just lost his wife, and was taking his children to his sister's when the accident befel him. He suffered terrible agony for a while, but with the loss of his leg, he has at least escaped poverty if he is prudent.—[Forest City Democrat.]

## The Song of January.

He is gone—the year '53!—I am free!  
To revel again in my majesty.  
At the bloom of his birth I hastened forth,  
From my crystal halls in the gelid north;  
And the sun looked pale at each frozen gem  
On my own imperial diadem:  
For he hath small power with me!

And I pranked it rare, for I chilled the skies,  
And the crowded hearths of the human styes,  
And blistered with kibes both the scholar and sage,  
And stopped the thin blood in the veins of age;  
And I pinched the Queen in the chair of state,  
And perished a miser by empty grate,  
So hungry for riches was he!

And I whipt thro' their rags to the couch of the poor,  
While they dreamed they were spurned from their  
own wretched door,  
And I silenced the voice of the choristers all,  
The ingle-side cricket, and the dog in the hall:  
For none shall compete with the glee  
Of the double-faced wizzard who deigns to appear,  
And swaddle the limbs of the infant year.

He is gone—the year '54!—he is dead! is dead!  
To the tomb of the past ages gathered;  
I will pile him a carin of drifted snow,  
And chain up the waterfall's headlong flow,  
While the north flings a thousand rockets up,  
And the wassailers drain the deep cordial cup,  
And replenish it merrily.

Then revel again; I will bite the toes  
Of the pulpit priest, and tweak his nose;  
I will blister and gash his hearer's lips,  
And bury sharp pangs in the laborer's hips;  
The brooks I will charm and harden the field,  
Till the plough-share bright may not burrow conceal'd,  
Though so valiant a knight is he!

I will burn your yule clogs, and with light arabesque  
All your windows will furnish; and figures grotesque  
I will hang on your eaves; and your boards shall be  
burdened

With all that is choicest, then I shall be guerdoned,  
For, who half so jolly can be,  
As the double-faced wizzard who deigns to appear,  
And swaddle the limbs of the infant year?

**SIGNS FOR MARRIAGEABLE LADIES.**—"If a man wipes his feet on the door-mat before coming into the room, you may be sure he will make a good domestic husband. If a man, in snuffing the candles, snuffs them out, you may be sure he will make a stupid husband. If a man puts his handkerchief on his knees whilst taking his tea, you may be sure he will be a prudent husband. In the same way, always mistrust the man who will not take the last piece of toast of Sally Lunn, but prefers waiting for the next warm batch. It is not unlikely he will make a greedy, selfish husband, with whom you will enjoy no 'brown' at dinner, no crust at tea, no peace whatever at home. The man, my dears, who wears goloshes, and is careful about wrapping himself up well before venturing into the night air, not unfrequently makes a good invalid husband that mostly stops at home, and is easily comforted with slops. The man who watches the kettle and prevents it boiling over will not fail, my dears, in the married state, in exercising the same care in always keeping the pot boiling. The man who doesn't take tea, ill-treats the cat, takes snuff, and stands with his back to the fire, is a brute whom I would not advise you, my dears, to marry upon any consideration, either for love or money, but decidedly not for love. But the man who, when the tea is over, is discovered to have had none, is sure to make the best husband. Patience like his, deserves being rewarded with the best of wives, and the best of mothers-in-law. My dears, when you meet with such a man, do your utmost to marry him. In the severest winter he would not mind going to bed first.—Punch.

The principal intelligence from Cuba, is the fact of the liberation, by the new captain general, of the negroes generally known as *emancipados*. This is probably only the beginning of a movement, having for its object the prospective emancipation of the entire slave population.

There are now wintering in Cleveland, O., 60 vessels, of which 4 are steamers, 16 propellers, and the others sail vessels.

## Sue, Dumas, Lamartine.

We have been looking at the portraits of these celebrated French authors, as painted by Mr. Powell, and exhibited with his large picture of De Soto, at the academy rooms.

Lamartine is—yes, young ladies, positively a prim young man, with a long face, short grey hair, a slender figure, and a suit of black! Put a pen behind his ear and he would look like a confidential clerk. Give his face more character and he would remind you of Henry Clay. He has a fine head, phenologically speaking—large and round at the top, with a spacious forehead, and a scant allotment of cheek. Prim is the word, though. There is nothing in his appearance which is ever so remotely suggestive of the romantic. He is not even pale, and as for a rolling shirt collar or a Byronic tie, he is evidently not the man to think of such things. Romance, in fact, is the article he lives by, and like other men he chooses to "sink the shop," at least when he sits for his portrait.

Dumas, on the contrary, is a burly fellow. His large, red, round cheeks stand out till they seem to stretch the very skin that covers them, and it looks as smooth as a polished apple. His black, crisped hair is piled high above his forehead, and stands divided into two unequal masses, one inclining to the right and the other to the left. His eyes are dark and his mouth sensuous, but not to the degree of vulgarity. His person is large, and his flowing mantle red. He is the gentleman to lay bare the throat, and look romantic; not Byronically so, but piratically. Yet he looks good humored and like a man whose capacity for physical enjoyment of all kinds is boundless. His negro blood is evident enough to one who knows he has it; but it would not be detected by one who knew it not. It appears in the peculiar rotundity of the man and all his parts. It crisped and heaped his hair; it made him dress up in flowing red to have his picture taken. But his complexion is only a shade darker than the average. The portrait reminds us for a moment of the late Thomas Hamblin, the actor.

Eugene Sue is neither prim nor burly. He is a man of large frame, over which a loose black coat is carelessly buttoned. Complexion light, eyes blue; hair once black, now pepper and salt; whiskers voluminous; eyebrows black and thick; good forehead, and the lower face ample. This conveyed no better idea of the man's appearance than the description in a French passport. But the truth is Sue's countenance and figure have none of those peculiarities which make description possible. He looks, in his portrait, like a comfortable, careless, elderly gentleman, taking his ease in an easy chair and an easy coat. He does not look like an author. Authors seldom do. His air is rather that of a prosperous citizen. Sue is only 45 years old, but he has lived fast, and looks 55. Lamartine is 63, and would pass easily for 53. Dumas is 50, and could get credit for 38.—[N. Y. Times.]

**FATAL DUEL.**—We learn that a duel, attended with fatal results, was fought near Pickensville, in this State, a few days ago, between two gentlemen from Mississippi—Drs. Fant and Irby. Dr. Irby was shot through the heart at the first fire. The misunderstanding leading to this deplorable affair, is understood to have originated in the late canvass for seats in the Mississippi Legislature, from Noxubee county, where these two gentlemen were rival candidates. Dr. Irby was the member elect.—[Mobile Reg., 10th.]

The Columbus Argus says: The weapons were duelling pistols, and the distance 134 paces. Dr. Irby, who was killed, was a most estimable gentleman, a member elect of the present Legislature, and the difficulty arose out of some misunderstanding in the late canvass between himself and his antagonist, who was a candidate for the same station. Both gentlemen were democrats and members of the church.